

## WEEKLY

## OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

## VISITOR;

## MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1806.

No. 25.

## APPEARANCES DECEIVE.

*(In continuation.)*

LEFT to reflect in solitude upon her misery and innocence, doomed, with the purest conscience, to the cruellest of punishments, Emilia sunk upon her knees, and prayed to that Being who reads in our hearts, as in an open book, to tear from the eyes of her husband, her still much-loved husband, the bandage woven by infernal calumny. The night-crow shrieked during her prayer, and the ear of inexorable Fate seemed deaf to the sighs of suffering innocence.

On the noon of the succeeding day, bread and water were administered to her through a hole. She salted the bread with her tears, and her heart almost broke with melancholy, as often as the infant moved within her womb. She had begged that she might be allowed writing materials, but they had been denied. By chance she found in her pocket, a little blue silk and a needle. She washed her handkerchief, and sewed upon it these words: "*I am innocent. Save me and our child.*"

She sent the handkerchief to her husband. The deluded wretch tore and read it. A burning tear fell from Emilia's eye upon it.

When the period approached, at which she was to be delivered, the old garden-er's wife was admitted to her, and Emi-

lia, writhing on straw, bore a daughter. The first cry of this child, the first sound which she had heard within those dreadful walls, for two long months, alleviated her sorrows. She pressed the little cherub to her fond maternal heart, and recommended it to the care of the Almighty. She gazed at it, thought she saw it smile, and forgot her misfortunes. But, alas! scarce had she in some degree regained her strength, when the gardener's wife tore the infant from her arms, and locked the door of the prison. "Jesu Maria!" exclaimed poor Emilia. "Leave me at least my child." She fell to the earth in a swoon, and, when she awoke, prayed to God for death.

Her inexorable husband would not even see the child. He sent it to the wife of a poor, and ordered it to be educated as an orphan. The gardener's wife quit- ted Emilia two weeks after her delivery, the Count returned to the city, and the wretched victim remained a prey to consuming misery more than *three years*.

It was at this time that Baron T——, her brother, a major in the Brunswick service, returned from America. He loved his sister sincerely, and Count Z\*\* had been the friend of his early years. He therefore, as soon as possible after his return, obtained leave of absence, for a few months, and hastened to embrace his relations. Accustomed to see his brother's house the seat of every pleasure; accustomed there to find an entertaining

circle of both sexes, drawn together by the Count's affability and hospitality; he was not a little surprised to perceive the door shut, which formerly was ever open. He imagined, however, it might be caused by some little excursion of pleasure. He knocked at the door; a miserable Swiss opened it. "Is your master at home?"—"Yes," replied the porter. "At home, is he?" said the Baron. "Well, so much the better."

He entered: no footman opened the door; no lady's maid tripped forth to meet him; no lap-dog barked; no parrot chattered; all was dead, as in the habitation of a miser. He walked into the Count's room, and found him sitting on a sofa, with his heavy eye rivetted upon Emilia's picture, which hung opposite to him.

Starting, as if from an oppressive dream, he staggered towards the Baron, burst into his arms in speechless agony, and pressed him with fervour to his breast. At the same moment a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, for time had converted his rage into melancholy.

"Brother," exclaimed Baron T——, "what means all this? Your house is now no more the same, and you—scarce can I recognize you. Where is that manly bloom, which once adorned your cheek? Those frightful looks forbode some terrible calamity.—Where is my sister?"—"Ah!" sighed the Count. The Baron started, and lastly demanded—"Is she



dead?"—"To me she is dead!" returned Gustavus. "Explain yourself," said her brother. "Alas!" cried he, "the grave of her honour was the grave of my peace." Displeasure lowered upon the Baron's forehead. "Her honour!—Is it possible?—No: it cannot be."—"And yet thus it is," cried the unfortunate, deluded Count, sobbing, and scarce able to articulate his words, he related to the friend of his youth, to the brother of his still-beloved Emilia, the adventure of that hateful eve of All Saints, his anguish, his fury, his revenge.

Baron T—stood fixed in gloomy, speechless meditation, shuddering at the conviction of his sister's infidelity, and in vain seeking any means of vindication. "For ever cursed then," cried he at last, "be the whole hypocritical sex! What look can be the look of innocence, if Emilia's was not? Brother, be a man. Forget a woman unworthy of your love. Let no recollection of a faithless wife intrude upon the joys of youth which beckon to you from every side. You have concealed this affair, you have thereby spared the honour of my family, for which I thank you; and now, from this moment Emilia is dead, her name forever banished from our conversation.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### SELECTIONS, AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR THE VISITOR.

##### A CURIOUS METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE DIFFERENT VELOCITIES OF LIGHT AND SOUND.

THOSE who are habituated to the use of artillery, are able to judge accurately of the direction in which a cannon is fired, by comparing with each other the two flashes of powder. The one from the muzzle, the other from the touch-hole. They stand on a wall, or fortification, and, observing the fire of the distant cannon, say, "This ball goes to the right—that to the left. But the well pointed one strikes the spot, from which they take care to leap, as soon as they see the flash. The ball passes through the air at the rate of three miles in one second, but the light of the burning powder is conveyed to the eye at the rate of 198,000 miles in one second. Therefore they have time to see

the flash, and to get out of the direction, before the arrival of the ball, which would kill them before they hear the report of the gun; which report moves only at the rate of a quarter of a mile in one second. In thunder storms, the burning vapour, which constitutes the flash, explodes before the clap commences. The flash is conveyed to us at the rate of 198,000 miles in a second, but the thunder claps creep on at the rate of 13 miles in a minute. Hence, when we hear the thunder, we know we are safe from that explosion of vapour, which must have passed off from us before the arrival of the thunder: and, by this comparative calculation of Light and Sound, the thunder cloud is computed to be distant about one mile, when we see the lightning five seconds before we hear the thunder.

#### ON PERSEVERANCE.

ALL the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke with the pickaxe, or of one impression of a spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed with the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties: and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, that those who have any intention of deviating from the beaten roads of life, and acquiring a reputation superior to names hourly swept away by time among the refuse of fame, should add to their reason, and their spirit, the power of persisting in their purposes; acquire the art of sapping what they cannot batter; and the habit of vanquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate attacks.

Extract from

#### THE LAY PREACHER.

"Favour is deceitful"

UNDOUBTEDLY; though LAVATER, a Swiss clergyman, whose faith, it seems, could remove mountains, has, in a book that treats of faces, asserted that

the nose is no cheat, and that the chin is a very honest and plain-spoken fellow. According to this fanciful theory, we can see every man's character sitting astride on his nose,

This is a whimsical age. Who would believe that a man could be found sufficiently bold, and readers sufficiently credulous, to suppose that Favour is not deceitful.

In the spring-like days of youth, and fantasy, when the warmest blood rolled rapidly through my veins, when the heart bounded, and the pulse throbbed with many a sanguine emotion, I was pleased with almost every face; particularly if the face was the face of a female. Charming maid, quoth I to a smiling lass, you have a benevolent countenance; you will, therefore, lend a favourable ear to my vows—A sudden coquettish wave of her fan, an averted cheek, and a scolding nose, instantly demonstrated that *Favour was deceitful*.

I lately saw a morose wretch, with a book in his hand. His urchin form, reminded me of a gnarly crab apple, at once mishapen and sour; yet the leaves he turned over was Sterne's, and his cheeks were moistened by the death of Le Fevre. How! whispered I, can this man boast sensibility? I know him well, a grinder of Poverty's face, who understands distress and sale, better than a deputy sheriff; this is he who drives away the cottager's cow, and plucks from under her the widow's bed.—I paused; and reflection convinced me that this was a mechanical and crocodile grief; that, while he wept, he could wound; and that his *Favour was deceitful*.

A rural and simple purchaser repairs to a city, and asks a shopkeeper to shew him changeable silk, designed as a wedding gown for a favourite daughter. The knavish pedlar holds up a piece in a favourable point of view, and smiling plausibly, declaims an hour upon its cheapness and durability. The silk is bought; when the rustic bride had worn two Sundays, it was indeed changeable. Spotted with bilge water, and discoloured by damp, even one eye might read on the hem that *Favour is deceitful*.

I CALL genius a secret gift of the Deity, which the possessor displays unknown to himself.



### THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING UGLY.

A GIRL was on the point of being hanged at *Vienna en Autriche*. Her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly. As he had but a few moments to make up his mind, he ran immediately to the place of execution, and, declaring his intention to marry the criminal, demanded her pardon. According to the custom of the country, the pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. He accordingly addressed her in these terms, "Madame, I am a gentleman of some property, and I now wish, for the first time, that I were a king, only that I might afford you a stronger proof of my attachment."—"Alass, Sir, replied the girl, "I am thoroughly sensible of your affection and generosity; but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my sentiments. Unfortunately they control my fate, and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying so ugly a fellow as you are." The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

Another gentleman, nearly as ugly as the former, fell in love with a very sprightly young lady, who was afraid of saying how much she disliked him. She nevertheless hit upon a method to discourage him, and rid herself of his addresses. She begged of him one day to favour her with his picture, and to sit to an artist of her own choice. Glad of an opportunity of obliging his mistress, he readily consented, and repaired to the place appointed, without delay; but what was his surprise, when he perceived that the painter, having traced upon the canvas the figure of the devil, was proceeding to fill up the outline with a likeness of himself. "What the deuce are you about, he exclaimed to the painter. "I am going to paint the devil," replied the artist. "And why so," returned the other. The painter informed him, that it was at the particular request of the lady who bespoke it, and who told him that she would not pay for the picture, unless it was done exactly after the model of a man's face whom she would send for that purpose. The gentleman, now fully understanding the joke, took his leave of the painter and his mistress at the same time. This story has been circulating at Lisbon, for thirty

years, as an undoubted fact. A Frenchman since told me that it happened in Paris, and an Italian assures me that it occurred at Rome. There are a number of these little anecdotes, the origin of which we can never discover, several nations claiming the merit of their production, and contesting the point with as much warth, as the seven cities of Greece, disputed the honour of having given birth to Homer.

### SELECT SENTENCES.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for reserve, if the world were honest: yet even then it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it is necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

Virtues, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants that will not bear too familiar approaches.

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an access of humility that gave the occasion.

It is a miserable thing to love where one hates—and yet this is not inconsistent.

The reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty into company before he is admitted to take his chair.

Happy those, who can shun all illiterate though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present—and upon reflection, painful. Happy to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value, or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted. Happy, to partake of the delights of studious and rational retirement, with one amiable friend. Yet an eminent writer and moralist tells us, that were we so to be excluded from general society but for a fortnight, we should be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar we saw!

'Tis true that nothing displays a genius, I mean a quickness of genius, more than a dispute: as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre.—But the odds are much against the man of taste, in this particular.

The highest character a man supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

In all contests the guilty have the superiority, in one respect, over the innocent—for the guilty will make use of *base means* to attack, of which the innocent cannot avail themselves to repel.

A large, branching oak, is, perhaps, the most venerable of all inanimate objects. As a brave man is not suddenly either elevated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach; nor drops it on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches, and it presents to you the finest image of the manly character.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in a peculiar situation.

It is with me in regard to earth itself, as it is in regard to those who walk upon its surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along. But—I, insensibly, chuse to sit, where I cannot see two yards before me.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

### BENEVOLENCE.

Ah! why repine, Philander, at thy lot:  
View the poor peasant in his humble cot;  
His little offspring pierce him with their cries,  
On the straw pallet—lo, the mother lies,  
Devoid of comfort and of generous aid,  
By grief and sickness sunk into a shade.  
Ye rich, ye great, who waste in sumptuous fare,  
What might so many rescue from despair;  
Oh learn the truest luxury to know,  
That of relieving indigence and woe:  
Assuage the widow's, and the orphan's tear.  
You'll find the joys you give, return sincere.  
Let not the manners of the present age,  
Unnerve the hero, and infect the sage.  
To soothe the afflicted; succour the distress'd;  
To pour the balm in virtue's suffering breast,  
Of pallid fear will even death disarm,  
When earthly grandeur loses power to charm.

Y—DROM—



EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF  
AN OLD BACHELOR,

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF 87.

LOVE, hope, and even fear ought by turns to agitate the human breast, to prevent our days from passing over in an insipid uniformity. It is to escape this insipidity, so insupportable to man, that he employs himself in a thousand follies: one plays at chess, another builds houses: learns to warble like the birds, another to decypher music. This man learns to cultivate flowers, the other write books, &c.

The various means of escaping *ennui*, had nothing in them to cultivate my fancy. In examining the different interests which arose in my view, I found that which alone had power to attach me to life, and make it valuable, were the extatic ties of husband and father: celibacy never made a part in my schemes of happiness; I loved in good earnest: my vows were always sincere and honourable, as I only aspired to become a good husband, and a good father of a family. I have been in love several times—is not that enough? and is it not unfortunate that I have not found a wife? Ah! my friend—my first affections alone have power to make my tears flow! A gentle, innocent girl, who was to me most truly a first love, and who returned my passion as tenderly—Death snatched her from me, and I was near following her to the grave. Never shall I forget that amiable creature!

After some years of grief and indifference, a very pretty fair one animated my heart: I exerted all my assiduities with kindness—she blushed, and cast down her eyes with a thoughtful air. This is she who is to be the companion of my life, thought I, with transport, and I disclosed to her my passion. She interrupted my first words, by assuring me of her tender friendship, of which she was about to give me a proof. She then told me, in confidence, that she had for a long time been strongly attached to a young man, and never would marry any other than him. In thus renouncing my tender and pretty fair one, I did not renounce the hope of being one day happy in marriage. I offered my vows to a third; a young lady, who was beautiful as an angel; she received my declaration with expressions of esteem, but she received them as the homage due to her charms.

Amelia (for that was her name) was proud of her beauty and wit, and only thought of multiplying her conquests; considering it beneath her to sacrifice those to the happiness of one man only. When I merely talked of love, she willingly heard me; but when I pronounced the word marriage, I was repulsed. I left her, and went home much mortified by her refusal; but as I had been more dazzled by her charms, than touched by her character, I felt more resentment than grief.

Nothing is more suffocating than anger and vexation; I opened my window to get air, and my eyes were mechanically cast upon the street. In that moment, a young brunette, neat and smart, crossed it: I recollected to have seen her before, but she had never drawn my attention: the general elegance of her air struck me; and, as a flash of lightning, it occurred to my mind, to avenge myself on the haughty Amelia, by paying my court to this young person. This suggestion quickly ripened into a settled project, and, as usual, was combined with the idea of marriage, which still more embellished in my eyes the object of my new flame. I found means to introduce myself at her house; I suffered no opportunity to escape to make known my sentiments, which she appeared well inclined to return, when suddenly her parents said to me, "That my frequent visits to their house did them much honor; that they begged I would continue them, and remain always a friend to the family; but that they believed they ought to apprise me, that their daughter had been long before promised to a very rich man of the next town; that his arrival was expected; and they besought me as a friend, not to offer him any offence." My young friend gave me to understand, that she would have preferred me; but that she must obey. He was handsome, he was amiable, and I soon perceived that my young brunette obeyed without reluctance.

You may easily imagine, that I became timid and suspicious after all these disappointments; hardly dare I look at a woman, lest I should become enamoured; but the disease quickly banished my fears. I became again in love, and this time I was very seriously so. I loved with passion, but with such diffidence, such an apprehension of not succeeding, that I dared not to avow my sentiments to her who had inspired them. I regularly passed before her windows three

times a day; and when she appeared, I bowed with the most tender and respectful air, almost touching the ground with my hat. During some days, she appeared there more frequently; and I even remarked, that when she saw me at a distance, she fixed herself in her balcony, and answered my salutations with a sweet smile. I was overwhelmed with joy, and employed my thoughts on the means of making myself known to her, when one day that I passed, as usual, before her house, and was walking slowly to prolong the pleasure of being near her, I heard her burst into a fit of laughter, and say, "Come, I pray you, my dear friend, come and look at this cringing fellow! he is of all beings on earth the most ridiculous." A young man approached her, and passing his arm around her waist, laughed heartily with her, as their eyes followed me.

I withdrew much quicker than I went, and soon learned that the young man had become her husband two days before. This melancholy adventure, which ought to have humbled me, on the contrary suddenly renewed my courage. I resolved to be no longer the dupe of my own feelings, and to marry, cost what it would. I went into an assembly of young persons, and addressing myself to her who pleased me the most, I asked to speak to her apart; she granted my request, and the next day I went to her house. "Are you at liberty?" said I entering.

"Yes," answered she, "absolutely free." "Will you accept my heart and hand?" "Both," said she, smiling, and extending hers. From that moment I considered myself married; but this engagement so suddenly formed, was as suddenly dissolved. It would be too tedious to inform you of the particular circumstances: happily before the ceremony, I perceived,

.....  
In short, she was unfaithful; and God be praised she was not yet my wife. It requires much precaution, thought I; one ought to study a long time, and with much attention, the woman who is to be one's companion.—Try once more. I then made a seventh choice, which was more wise and reasonable; a charming young girl, well educated, and who had never been in love.

This time no one could accuse me of too much precipitation; I carefully watched all her steps, all her actions,



all her intentions, without making any declaration. I hoped incessantly—I was as yet only in the fourth year of vigilance and observation, when in the moment I least expected, she was carried off by a young man who knew her only four days. This shall be my last trial, said I; I can no more resolve to begin new amours. I still love the ladies; but this sentiment is accompanied by such timidity, that I cannot again venture to speak to them.

### THE PRISONER,

*A recent Fact.*

"A dreadful din was wont  
"To grate the sense, which entered here from groans,  
"And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of chains,  
"And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges!  
"And ever and anon the light was dashed  
"With frightful faces, and the meagre looks  
"Of grim and ghastly executioners."

CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence; but the capture of his property, in the late bloody and protracted war, was the first misfortune his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and, with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of reprieve, from day to day, had fled: but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and

Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead—The keeper interrupted his devotion by warning him to his fate. If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more.

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery—He who, with apathy, had for ages looked on distresses, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature, for once predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried!—O heavens, said Henry, I am too guilty to have my prayer heard.—He took his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment.—At last he thus broke out—"This is too much—My heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day."

What do I hear, replied Henry?—Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a pardon, but with caution he spoke of the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy.—She ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

### WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY APRIL, 19, 1806.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM the commencement of the present volume of the Visitor, till this period, the editor has been necessitated to devote a considerable portion of his time to other pressing avocations. The liberal encouragement, however, with which he has been honored, has determined him, henceforward, to give the work a greater share of his attention. He now indulges the hope that, with the assistance of friendly correspondents, and the measures he has already adopted for procuring a regular series of the most celebrated English and American periodical works, he will have it in his power to present to his readers a page, which may have a tendency to dissipate ennui; and, perhaps, afford a small share of entertainment.

The next publication will complete the moiety of the present volume; when it is the editor's intention to add considerably to the number now printed, in order that future subscribers may be furnished with complete sets; and, should the work continue to receive the countenance of the public in the proportion which has marked its progress for a few months past, it will, at the commencement of the fifth volume, be issued in an improved dress.

The patrons and agents of this paper, who have kindly afforded it their encouragement and aid, will be pleased to accept the sincere thanks of the editor.

Captain Leffingwell from Gaudaloupe, informs, that on the 19th ult, and several succeeding nights, attempts were made to set fire to the town of Point-Petre—no other damage was sustained, than the burning of two houses. An embargo had been laid, during which time strangers, &c. were examined. The embargo was continued only twenty-four hours.



We are informed that our Theatre has been purchased by Mr. Cooper, in company with some other gentleman for 50,000 dollars—And that they intend finishing its exterior in a manner which will render it an ornament to the city.

The Theatre in Philadelphia, closed on Wednesday evening the 9th inst. with a new and excellent Comedy, called *The Fox chase*, written as we are informed, by Mr. Charles Breck, a young gentleman of that city, and was received by a crowded house, with the greatest applause.

#### CRUELTY.

A match was made by two gentlemen between the celebrated horse *Dutchman*, of Boston, and the small black *Virginia Croft*, of this town, who had been much celebrated for his bottom, and active movements over the ground, as a traveller. *Dutchman* was likewise celebrated for his speed on the turf. These horses were to travel from Providence to Boston, and back again. The bet between the parties was 200 dollars. They started from Constitution-Hill precisely at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, and arrived in Boston 20 minutes past 12. *Croft* returned immediately for Providence, was lively, and in good spirits for 76 miles, which he performed in 6 hours and 54 minutes! He travelled the first 50 miles in 4 hours and 47 minutes. The last 5 or 6 miles he failed very fast, and became totally blind. He, however, arrived in town precisely at 6 o'clock, P. M. Thus poor *Croft* performed a journey of 82 miles in 9 hours; he was immediately stabled, but expired in 45 minutes after his arrival. *Dutchman*, when he passed the toll-house in Dedham, was 24 minutes behind *Croft*, nor was he able to overtake him, but failed 18 miles from Providence, where he also died in a few hours. Nearly 2000 dollars were pending on this match. *Prov. Gaz.*

SAYAKNAH, April 1, 1806.

#### HORRID MURDER!

About 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening last, in Effingham county, John London, esq. was shot off of his horse as he was returning home from a neighbour's within about a quarter of a mile of his own

house. It was immediately discovered by one of his negroes who was a small distance behind him, and who alarmed the neighbours. It appeared on examining his wounds and from every necessary evidence that he had been twice shot; the contents of one gun lodged in his bowels, the other in the breast, the whole amounting to 51 shot. An inquest was held over the body and after taking many affidavits on the subject, the jury gave it as their decided opinion, that he was wilfully murdered by one Lewis Magahagan, with an accomplice [for it appears there must have been two concerned in the atrocious act.]

Magahagan had already concealed himself or gone away so as not to be found; a party of men went immediately in pursuit of him but had not found him on Friday. He was a near neighbour to Mr. London, and the dispute, which it appears has been the death of Mr. L. is said to have risen from nothing more consequential than the shooting of a dog that had been somewhat troublesome to Mr. London and belonged to Magahagan. Mr. London was about 46 years of age. He had for many years supported the best of characters, and filled some of the most respectable and responsible posts that could be conferred on him by the citizens of Effingham County. He had discharged his official duties with such promptness and impartiality, and the duties of a member of society and a neighbor with such exactness and rectitude as to secure him the esteem of almost all who knew him.

#### THEATRE.

On Monday evening, Mr. Harwood personated the character of *Crabtree*, in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. We have several times witnessed the representation of this play, but we never before saw this part so correctly executed. Indeed, we may say Mr. H. pointed out to us what sort of character the author meant to delineate.

The *Sir Peter*, and *Lady Teazel*, of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, richly merited the applause they received.

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."—Martin must have been fully of opinion with the author of the foregoing assertion—for, although personating a character despicable in the extreme, he evinced a determination that his audience, however much they might despise his sentiments, should commend his acting.

Mr. Tyler, as usual, was very respectable as *Sir Oliver*.

Wednesday.—MORTON'S new Comedy of *The School of Reform; or, How to Rule a Husband*.

The correct idea which Mr. Tyler conceived of *Lord Avondale*, and the justness which accompanied his representation of it, entitled him to, and he received the cordial approbation of his audience.

The *Frederick* of Mr. Martin, was chaste, and happily executed. The author has drawn this character in the most pleasing point of view, and its representative portrayed it in a manner gratifying to his friends, and highly deserving of public approbation.

Mr. Hogg, as *Tyke*, was much applauded in some of his scenes; and which he certainly merited; a little less "suspension of forced breath," would, in our opinion, however, render the performance more estimable.

If the bustle and noise attending the representation of *Ferment*, had less acting attending it, Mr. Young would claim more consideration as its representative.

Mrs Johnson was very amiable in her *taciturn* department. But when has she appeared otherwise. This lady's benefit is fixed for Monday Evening next, when the public will, no doubt, evince how truly they appreciate both her public and private worth.

The Marble Bust of *Washington*, by Carachi, was deposited in Bordeaux before



the death of that artist. It is a most elegant specimen of art; remarkable for strength of expression and exact resemblance; superior even to the one previously executed by Houdon. It is of colossal size.

Mr. L., American consul at Bordeaux, has employed an able artist to multiply copies from it in plaister, cast, reduced to the size of life; he proposes to have them delivered in America, to subscribers only, at twenty five dollars each, free of cost, either at the office of the National Intelligencer, or in any port of entry in the United states.—No money is demanded till the delivery of the Bust.

Subscriptions received at the office of the national Intelligencer, Washington.

#### MAD DOGS.

We find it necessary to caution the public against these dangerous animals. A mad dog, who exhibited symptoms of the most malignant kind, was discovered on Thursday morning in the Fly market. He ran up Maiden lane, and we do not understand that he was overtaken by his pursuers. *M. Ad.*

On Monday the 7th inst. a duel was fought in the vicinity of Providence, (R. I.) between Mr. James Elliot, and Mr. Charles Austin, in which, the latter gentleman was severely wounded, though not mortally.—Gross abuse offered to the father of Mr. Elliot, is said to have been the cause of this unfortunate business.

Deaths in this city the last week of the following diseases, viz.—Asthma 2, consumption 11, convulsions 2, debility 2, decay 2, dropsy 2, hives 3, old age 2, still born 2, childbed 1, nervous fever 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, pleurisy 1, small pox 1, teething 1, ulcer 1. Men 15, women 10, boys 3, girls 8.—Total 36.

"Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
"Of human offspring."  
"Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
"His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
"Reigns here and revels;

#### MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. James Palmer, Jun. of the house of James and John Palmer, & co. to Miss Muir, daughter of Mr. Wm. Muir, merchant of this city.

On Friday evening by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Archibald Somerville, Merchant, of Albany, to Miss Mary Bingham, daughter of Mr. John Bingham, of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Kunzie, Mr. Thomas Palistey, to Miss Betsy Hazen, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Thomas Parks, to the amiable Miss Margaret Turney, daughter of Mr. George Turney, of this city.

Lately, at White-Plains, Mr. Isaac Valentine, aged 80, to the amiable Miss Frendenburgh, aged 18 years!

....."all, that live, must die;  
passing through nature to eternity"

#### DIED,

On Wednesday morning, in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Dodds, widow of the late Mr. Robert Dodds, of this city.

A few days since, at Newburyport, Timothy Dexter, Esq.—universally known and highly esteemed.

#### THEATRE,—PARK.

.....TO SHew  
THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME,  
ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MRS.  
JOHNSON.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT

Will be presented, the celebrated  
Comedy of,

THE WONDER  
A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The After-piece of

THE MAID OF THE OAKS.

With other entertainments.

#### MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

SAGE & THOMPSON,  
BOOK-SELLERS & STATIONERS,  
No. 149, Pearl Street,

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books in the various branches of Polite Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Stationary.

Merchant's Account Books they keep constantly ready, such as Ledgers, Journals, Day Books, Receipt Books, &c.

They also rule to any pattern, and bind neatly with Russian bands, together with, and without, iron backs.

\* \* TICKETS in the ensuing Lottery, for sale as above.

#### CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,  
MINIATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen thereof, that he takes LIKENESSES IN CRAYON SET, accompanied with an elegant frame and glass, at the moderate price of ten dollars: and if not approved a likeness no payment will be requested.

SPECIMENS of his work to be seen at his Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL, at BURROWE 3, No. 6 Pine-street.

#### G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

Respectfully informs the public that he has opened an Academy at no. 16 Chamber-street, where he teaches

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL  
WRITING,

IN the first stile of elegance. Also, Accounts, English grammar, painting, and drawing. Particular attention will be paid to the improvement of his pupils.

ATTENTION WILL BE PAID ALSO, TO young ladies or gentlemen who may wish to be instructed at the dwelling of their respective parents.

March 1.



JOHN JONES,

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL  
MAKER,

NO. 29, CHATHAM STREET,  
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairs neatly executed.

N. B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 23.





*Selections for the Weekly Visitor.*

### STANZAS

*TO THE MEMORY OF MARY.*

TO Mary, poor Mary! this marble is rear'd,  
From its record, in tears, each beholder shall  
turn;

Lost to all that she hop'd, and to all that she fear'd,  
The child of repentance no longer shall mourn.

Ye parents, so cruel, your porch open wide,  
Nor fear silent Mary towards it may bend;  
For Mary is dead, once your boast and your pride,  
The child of repentance no more can offend.

Oh, had you been merciful! had you forgiven!  
But the lot of your poor erring daughter was  
cast;

Now pitying angels have borne her to heaven,  
The child of repentance has sigh'd forth her last.

Ah, ruthless betrayer, if here thou should'st rove,  
These dark cypress shades may inspire thee with  
dread;

They encircle the urn that makes sacred the grove  
Where thy victim, the child of repentance lies  
dead.

Ah, look on the TABLET! and dost thou not weep?  
A story so mournful might sure start a tear;  
Beneath, its sad object is shrouded in sleep,  
The child of repentance, thy victim, lays here.

Depart, man of perfidy! hence from my shade!  
With the tiger go howl, with the lion go roar:  
For tho' by thy arts was poor Mary betray'd,  
The child of repentance reproaches no more.

### LOVE.

SAY, what is Love? 'Tis joy extreme,  
'Tis hope elate—'tis bliss supreme,  
A world, by Fancy dress'd,  
Where odours rise with every gale,  
And rapture swells in every sail;  
'Tis blessing—to be bless'd.

And what is Love? An idle dream;  
Some ranting, crack-brain'd poet's theme.

The fair one's sport and scorn,  
A vulture, that delighted feeds,  
On him whose manly bosom bleeds,  
O'er hope become forlorn.

Yes; what is love? A meteor blaze,  
Which scarcely gives you time to gaze  
Ere you may say—" 'tis gone!"  
And then, involv'd in darker night,  
Leaves you to mourn its transient flight!  
With hope for ever flown!

### ANECDOTE FROM AMMIRATO.

A rich old citizen of Bergamo had lent to one of his countrymen at Florence, 400 crowns, which he advanced without any person being present, and without requiring a written acknowledgment. When the stipulated time had elapsed, the creditor required his money; but the borrower, well apprized that no proof could be brought against him, positively denied that he had ever received it. After many fruitless attempts to recover it, the lender was advised to resort to the Duke, who would find some method of doing him justice. Alessandro accordingly ordered both the parties before him, and after hearing the assertions of the one, and the positive denial of the other, he turned to the creditor, saying, "Is it possible then, friend, that you can have lent your money when no one was present?" "There was no one, indeed," replied the creditor, "I counted out the money to him on a post."—"Go, bring the post then this instant," said the Duke, "and I will make it confess the truth." The creditor, though astonished, on receiving such an order, hastened to obey, having first received a secret caution from the Duke not to be very speedy in his return. In the meantime the Duke employed himself in transacting the affairs of his other suitors, till at length, turning again towards the borrower, "This man," said he "stays a long time with his post."—"It is so heavy, Sir," replied the other, "that he could not yet have brought it." Again Alessandro left him, and returning some time afterwards, carelessly exclaimed, "What kind of men are these that lend their money without evidence.—Was there no one present but the post?"—"No indeed, Sir," replied the knave.—"The post is a good witness, then," said the Duke, "and shall make thee pay the man his money."

ALEXANDER at one time sent to Phocion a great sum of money. Phocion said to the messenger, "Why does the king send to me, and to none else?" The messenger answered, "Because he takes you to be the only good man in Athens." Phocion replied, "if he thinks so, let him suffer me to be so still."

THE Emperor, Charles the Vth, when at Wertemberg, was desired by some of his officers to order the bones of Luther to be dug up and burnt. He nobly told them, "I have now nothing farther to do with Luther. He has henceforth another Judge, whose jurisdiction it is not lawful for me to usurp. Know, that I make not war with the dead, but with the living, who still continue to attack me."

*A brother's honest advice to a beloved sister.*

But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin;  
Trust not a man; we are by nature false,  
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant,  
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him,  
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

Otway.

### AN IMPROMPTU.

An ignorant countryman just come to town,  
Was hir'd as a waiter to serve at the crown;  
When one morning a gentleman drinking some  
wine,  
Just by way of a lunch, ere he went home to dine;  
Desir'd the new waiter,—by name Yorkshire Ned,  
'To bring him directly a mouthful of bread;  
'Oh! Ees," he replied, "to be sure, sir, I wook,"  
And he presently brought of new bread,—his  
mouth full.

A COUNTRY clerk was reading the nunc dimittis; when he came to the passage, "to be a light to lighten the Gentiles;" not being able to make it out immediately, he adopted a new and truly original reading: "To be a light to lighten the gentlemen!"

### TWAILS THE COMEDIAN.

Among the dramatic novelties in preparation, is the part of Richard III. by Mr. Twails for the benefit of Mrs. Shaw.  
*Bos. Mag.*

PRINTED & PUBLISHED

BY JOHN CLOUGH,

NO 149 PEARL-STREET, NEAR THE  
COFFEE-HOUSE.